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The Herald, November 21, 1891

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The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891

NO. 42.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Thanksgiving Thursday.

Lee Stewart was in Cincinnati this week.

Mrs. James Andrew entertained several friends Tuesday.

Chicken-pox is playing havoc with our public schools.

Harry Iliff will take the civil service examination next Tuesday.

Members of Andrew Jones' family are afflicted with the scarlet fever.

Miss Bennice Wolford who is attending school in Springfield visited home over Sabbath.

Mrs. Baldrige, of Adams county, is the guest of her sons, Dr. and Talma Baldrige, this week.

Rev. Thomas McKenzie, of New York, will preach in the R. P. church to-morrow morning.

Charley Marshall has left the farm and is now occupying the Robert Willson property on South Main St.

We are under obligations to Miss Iva Walker for a basket of cake sent this office last Saturday morning. It was elegant.

Dr. Homan this week visited his daughter Miss Anna who is in the employ of the Postal telegraph company at Indianapolis.

It is rumored that Will Spencer has sold his farm north of Cedarville to James Henderson formerly of Reesville, Clinton County.

As a forerunner that Thanksgiving is at hand a turkey shooting is being advertised to take place near the big spring Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsley entertained a number of their friends to dinner Wednesday. A number from Cedarville were present.

H. M. Stormont and B. G. Ridgway attended a banquet given by Grace encampment, I. O. O. F. at Jamestown, Wednesday evening.

Will Leland found it impossible to get permanent possession of the Lagonda house at Springfield as he had purchased of the wrong man.

Miss Belle Moody, of Pittsburgh, well known here, who is on her way to California to visit friends, spent a few days with Mrs. Andrew Jackson this week leaving for Chicago Thursday evening.

Talma Baldrige, who has been teaching at East Point, was out of a job this week. The scarlet fever is so bad in that neighborhood that he was obliged to dismiss school. He will probably resume again Monday.

Thoma Wade, one among the oldest inhabitants in this vicinity called at the Herald office this week to renew his subscription and while here gave some pleasing reminiscences of Cedarville when in its infancy. Mr. Wade was born in Clark county near Selma about seventy-six years ago and moved to this township about thirty-five years ago, but during the early part of his life he wandered through here and was well acquainted with the pioneer settlers of this portion of Greene county.

The five-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Taylor died last Saturday evening of lung trouble. The funeral services were held in the Wilberforce chapel Monday afternoon at two o'clock after which the burial took place the Tarbox Cemetery.

The Chickamauga commission, of which Hon. Andrew Jackson, of this place is a member, held a meeting in Columbus this week and decided to start south next Tuesday and commence their work of locating lines of battle grounds etc.

S. K. Turnbull this week sold to Jessie Gaines, of Dayton, thirty-eight head of two-year-old steers, the average weight of which was 14,00 pounds. One load was taken to the Soldiers Home and one shipped East for the export trade.

Marriage licenses:—Charles W. Coffelt and Luella Fancher; A. G. Collins and Mary M. Rife; Chas. F. Titter and Luella A. Sutton; James E. Andrew and Mamie Darst; Howard Applegate and Alice J. Seaman; Emery Beal and Louisa E. Stowe; Jacob B. Jones and Clemma M. Bales; W. L. Gerard and Sarah E. Bales; John Oster and Lina Hornick.

Mrs. Harriet Hutchinson, wife of William Hutchinson died at her home in Xenia Monday morning of pneumonia. She was a former resident of this place, having lived here at different times. She was a sister of Joseph Milburn, of Xenia and Mrs. Satterfield, of this place. The services were held at her late residence Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock after which the body was brought to this place and buried in the cemetery north of town.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bruce McIntire of South Charleston, found their two-months-old child dead in its cradle Tuesday morning. They had arisen and prepared and eaten breakfast, supposing the child to be asleep. Mrs. McIntire made the shocking discovery shortly afterwards. A strange coincidence about the death is the fact that just two years ago this month, upon awaking one cold morning, they found their child of two months old in death in the same cradle, and although warmly wrapped, the night was so bitter cold that it is supposed to have died from lack of warmth. The little babe found dead this week died from a severe attack of measles.

TRANSFERS.

John C. Furman to the Security Corporation, Ohio Cordage Plant, \$10.

Field Cordage Co. to John C. Furman, trustee, lots 9 10, Beal and Perkins and to Xenia and other ground, \$225,000.

John C. Furman trustee to the Security Corporation, same, \$10.

John Hagenbuch to Duff Greene, 10 a, Bath, \$1,000.

Joshua M. Jackson to Joseph E. Jackson, 13.40 a Xenia, \$1,400.

Edward Parlington and Hannah Confer to John P. Funderburgh.

Newton Ledbetter, admr, to the Alexander Bailey 20 a, Xenia, \$4652.

Mrs. H. Barber to Caleb Nooks, 3.44 a Cedarville, \$85.

Thomas D. Fuller to Wm. Erwin, 27 and 32, Spencer's add to Jamestown, \$5,500.

Sheriff to James H. Crawford, lots 12 and 13, Oakwood add to Yellow Springs, \$340.

Jerry Swaney to G. M. Harper, 100 a, Rose, \$4225.

Pure Maple Syrup at McCorkle's.

The Toledo Weekly Blade and Campaign of 1892.

The Toledo Weekly Blade, the most prominent Republican weekly published, is the only political weekly newspaper in the United States that is edited with special reference to circulation in every part of the Union. It has subscribers in every State, Territory and nearly every county of the United States. It has always above 100,000 subscribers, and during a late Presidential campaign had 200,000 subscribers. People of all political parties take it. Aside from politics it is a favorite family paper, having more and better departments than can be afforded by papers of small circulation. Serial and Short Stories, Wit and Humor, Poetry, Camp-fire (Soldiers), Farm, Sunday School, Tossoms, Talmage's Sermons, Young Folks, Poultry Puzzles, Household (best in the world), Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc. Only One Dollar a year. Send postal to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio, for a free specimen copy. Ask, also, for confidential terms to agents if you want to easily earn a few dollars cash.

The Odd Fellows' Grand March and the "Air Ship Waltz" are two of the latest composition of Isaac Doles, 234 West Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind. Both are musical gems. They comprise five pages each sheet music size, besides illustrated title pages, not difficult in execution but beautiful in composition, and sells at 40cts each. By way of introduction Mr. Doles will mail them to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

An elegant crossing is being but in from the Gaunce corner across to the postoffice.

CLOAKS.

If you want a new cloak it is to your interest to see us as we have the new things in endless varieties and at the right prices, right because they are cheap for the quality, and the styles are the very latest. Fur trimmed Jackets are the craze; there are half a dozen weaves of cloth and twice as many kinds of furs for trimming. Make your own estimate as to how many styles of garments you can get up from this assortment. To give you some figures we are selling a very good Jacket at \$3.98 each, and extra good all wool fine Beaver Cloth Jacket (this year's length) at \$5; a fine all wool Jacket good Astrachan Fur front at \$10, and almost any price you can name up to very fine fur trimmed garments. Besides the Jackets there are a big lot of Capes and so called "Angle sleeved" garments selling this year, we have them for the crowds at from \$10 up to \$30. Stop to think, it takes just twice the amount of goods to make this style of cloaks, and you will see they are cheap enough. Children's cloaks all styles, any grade, to fit any living person from 2 years old up.

JOBE BROS. & CO.

The only absolutely complete line of Drugs in the county of certain purity, at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at C. W. Dean's.

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

Smoke the "Woodsdale," at Ridgway's.

New Lamps of every kind and Lamp Trimmings, at Ridgway's.

Window Glass and Putty, at Ridgway's.

Spices of all kinds for pickles, at Ridgway's.

Every kind of Patent Medicines in stock, at Ridgway's.

School Books and supplies at Ridgway's.

Elegant assortment of Stationery, Ridgway's.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

Horse Blankets and Wolf Robes at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Hard and Soft Refined Sugar, a GRAY'S.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Crouse & Bull's.

The finest line of fancy candies in town at McCorkle's.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

New crop California Prunes, at GRAY'S.

New crop California Peaches, at GRAY'S.

New crop Sorghum, at GRAY'S.

Crackers, Ginger Snaps and Reception Wafers, at GRAY'S.

New crop Currants, at GRAY'S.

Buckwheat Flour at GRAY'S.

Roll'd Avena, Wheat, Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat, Excelsior, Pearl Barley, at GRAY'S.

Teas, Coffees, Cigars and Tobacco, at GRAY'S.

Whole and Ground Spices, at GRAY'S.

Soap, Starch, Lye and Blues, at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

Gloves, Overalls, Socks, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.

The Toledo Weekly Blade Free.

The proprietors of the Toledo Blade, the best known political weekly of the United States, are making preparations to create a sensation this winter by sending a million specimen copies to as many readers in all parts of the United States, who do not now take that paper. To that end they invite everybody to send the address of as many people as they care to, by postal card or letter. Send one name, ten twenty, one hundred or a thousand, as many as you have time to write, only take care to send correct addresses of people that you know appreciate good reading. It will cost but a little trouble and the thousands who receive sample copies will feel grateful. Send all the names and addresses you please to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

FOR SALE or RENT.

The Iliff homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Iliff administrator of estate.

Husking Gloves, Pegs, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.

The best Feed Basket ever made can be found at Andrew Bros. & Co.

All kinds of heating stoves, in base-burners and common heaters, for hard and soft coal and wood, can be found at Crouse & Bull's.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's.

If you want to see nobby hats call at J. E. Lowry's.

Nobby hats and caps in all styles just received at Stormont and Co's.

Buy your winter boots of Stormont and Co.

Robes and blankets, the best grades at bankrupt prices at Stormont and Co.

5a Horse blankets, wolf robes, etc., at Andrew Bro & Co.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

For Rent.

House of nine rooms. Apply to Mrs. L. Warner. 2t

For Sale.

A fine large two-year-old colt. Inquire of Bigham Harrison.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice during the summer of 1891.

Hunters, Take Notice.

All, without regard to age, color or previous condition are forbidden under the penalty of the law to trespass or hunt with gun or dog on the Williamson or other premises controlled by me. 3t J. H. Brotherton.

Sunday Creek, Hocking, Jackson, Pittsburgh and Anthracite Coal at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at B. G. Ridgway's Drug Store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who request this receipt in German, French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 320 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 26-lyr.

The Cedarville Herald

W. E. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

THE HYPOCRITE'S FATE.

His is the Only Vice That Men Can Never Bring Themselves to Forgive.

Detestation of hypocrisy is so general that one might marvel at the number of hypocrites exposed in time, but for consideration of the conditions under which hypocrites are developed. When a man of good reputation begins to go wrong, or to commit sins, he must either avow himself a sinner and proclaim his wrong-doing or become a hypocrite. He has no other recourse. Suppose him to be a member of church, attentive to his duties and prominent in societies intended to benefit humanity, but that he yields to temptation and commits a crime, violating a trust for example. If he should now change his habits and live the life of a criminal, he would escape being called a hypocrite, but he would at once call attention to his fall from grace, and might better confess his sin and ask to be forgiven. But his first thought invariably is that he will reform; to do so he must have time, and lest suspicion should be directed against him, he becomes especially careful of his reputation and takes more active interest than before in church and society duties. Emboldened by success in concealing his offenses, thoughts of reform gradually fade away. It is an easy matter to lead a double life, and he is fascinated by the danger of the sport. And so he continues to appear to be a moral man, though inwardly corrupt, until the inevitable exposure comes, and then his worst offense appears to be his hypocrisy. Bacon says: "A bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint." That is true in one sense, and yet his hypocrisy is in a measure forced upon him. There are, of course, mean natures full of deceit from the beginning, but they do not usually make successful hypocrites. Those who appear to be the worst are the men who have been good and are reduced to hypocrisy to conceal their change of character. They probably suffer at first from qualms of conscience as they enter upon their life of deceit, but this soon gives way as they become familiar with the practice, and very often in the end it is their contempt of danger that leads to their exposure and ruin. What is the remedy? Suppose a man of good reputation to have committed a wrong whose concealment will lead to a life of hypocrisy and the temptations which that will bring. What shall he do to be saved? It is clear that he must repent, stop his downward course at once, and, if necessary, confess while there is yet chance for him to recover his good name, rather than enter upon a life that can only in shame and misery. The sufferings of those who have enjoyed the respect of their fellows and have suddenly lost it are not to be compared with those inflicted by the rack. Physical pain, however great, may be borne by those who are sustained by moral courage. But mental anguish is more difficult to bear when conscience, that "doth make cowards of us all," arises to condemn us. "To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood is to suffer unknown tortures," says Victor Hugo, but that can only be true while the hypocrite retains some love of truth and a desire to be better. It is fear of exposure that brings the unknown tortures, and the only sure way to escape exposure is to avoid wrong-doing. The fault that should be temporary is never corrected by hiding it away, at least from one's self. Men who sit in judgment upon themselves and without undue bias keep watchful guard upon their conduct may suffer from occasional slips, but are in little danger of entering upon a career of wrong-doing, with its inevitable accompaniment of hypocrisy. Hazlitt says that "the only vice that cannot be forgiven is hypocrisy. The repentance of a hypocrite is itself hypocrisy." This follows inevitably from the very nature of the vice. It is the essence of deceit. Once exposed, no faith can be put in professed repentance of a hypocrite, or in his promises of reform. The exposed hypocrite becomes an ostentatious display of belief, and if he has been accustomed to have his word accepted, he naturally becomes very bitter when he finds that even when he tells the truth he is discredited and doubted. In considering hypocrisy as the one important thought to keep in mind is that it is not usually inborn, but in its worst phases is usually developed very gradually from the attempt to hide wrong-doings that it would be much better to confess at the outset. Those, therefore, who would avoid becoming that most despicable of all creatures—a hypocrite—must guard themselves against entrance upon a double life in the attempt to conceal their first offenses.—Baltimore Sun.

—Just One More.—"You'll remember, Corney, that every glass you take is a nail in your coffin," said the master, as he poured a glass of whiskey for his laborer. "Well, your honor," says Corney, "maybe as you have the hammer in your hand you'd just drive another home."—N. Y. Herald.

—A Successful Life.—Hungry Joe—"So Puddin' Pete is dead! He was a mighty successful feller, Bill." Slopers Bill—"You bet. He never done an hour's work in his life."—N. Y. Herald.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

"WE'LL RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG."

How One of the Greatest Songs of the War Was Written.

During a late year I read an account of the visit of a company of confederate officers to the union officers quartered opposite them. They went at the invitation of the "blues" in response to the often-expressed interest they had shown in the singing of our war songs and in order to listen to our war music to better advantage. At the close of the performance one of them exclaimed, "No wonder you fellows fought so, with such music to inspire you!"

That recalled to mind the story of the writing of one of our most popular war songs—one which has taken its place to stay with the grand old melodies given this nation by the revolution.

It was told by the author, and this is how it came to be related:

A musical convention was in progress in Anamosa, Ia., conducted by Prof. George F. Root, assisted by his young son, Fred W. Root, then just entering upon his musical career.

During the exercises, which consisted almost entirely of singing, he was accustomed to vary them by remarks upon musical subjects and by piano numbers by his son. Late one cloudy afternoon, during one of these pauses, a request was made that the professor sing "Rally 'Round the Flag" for some soldiers present. In compliance, he gave out the page where the music was to be found, and, as we sat waiting to sing it with him, spoke a detaining word to the pianist and stood with his eyes bent upon the floor and pulled his mustache, lost in thought. Looking up at the waiting audience he said: "My friends, before we sing this song let me tell you a little about how it came to be written."

"During the war my health was much impaired, so much so that I was debilitated from business and required entire freedom from care and anxiety. It was the cause of a great deal of regret to me that at such a time I should be laid aside. I wanted to help my country in her hour of peril and need. I wanted to aid her in that time of distress. What could I do? Even business was interdicted! I seemed helpless, possessing the heart but not the hand to serve her! During the time that an urgent call for more men was being made I felt especially depressed by the fact, and on one particular night I retired to find that sleep had forsaken my pillow, leaving me to dwell sadly and restlessly upon my powerlessness."

"After awhile I thought of the mass meeting to recruit volunteers, held that evening, and the suggestion came, 'I might write a song for them.' Then this song came to me, and I arose and wrote it out. The next evening the glee club sang it at the war meeting, and a large number of men volunteered. 'I rejoiced and I thanked God that I had been permitted to give to the people a song which should inspire them to do so. I say I then thanked God, my friends, that I was able to serve my country by stirring up the patriotism of her sons, but in all my professional life I have never been so moved as when, later, I read an account of that Iowa regiment which, during those dreadful days of the battle before Vicksburg, went into the fight nine hundred strong and came out of it only three or four hundred, but, clinging to their soiled and tattered banner, were singing: 'Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally round the flag.'"

"I felt then that I did not know what thankfulness was before. To have furnished those men, wounded and bleeding, a song which should cheer and sustain them through such an experience was indeed a very great joy to me! I felt I had surely served my country; I—I—his voice faltered. He paused long enough to allow an excited voice at the rear of the room to exclaim: 'Professor, one of those very men is here—Mr. Baumgardner. He lost his right arm in that very battle.'"

For a moment the transition from that battlefield and its bleeding, singing actors was startling. Then came his response. Reaching out his hand, he replied: "Come this way, my friends; come here." A stir followed, while we held our breath as a young fellow walked up the aisle and upon the platform to be grasped in a hearty hand-shake, the professor exclaiming: "God bless you!" And they stood silent, while the tears coursed down the soldiers' cheeks and many a jewel glinted on those of the audience. After "five hundred excited voices" had joined in the inspiring song we returned to the work of the afternoon, but the picture was ours for a lifetime, and the melody of those words: "I thanked God that I was permitted"—that was his emphasis—mingles with that of his many other songs, and seems a part of that reverent, genial, courtly gentleman, whose manners and music gave a charm to other of our early days.

Like a seal upon this story is another and later picture. We were attending a joyful reunion of the 3d Regiment, Iowa Volunteers, at Cedar Falls, Ia., where this story was retold. This exclamation came from a member of Company K: "Yes, that's the song we boys sang July 22, marching through the streets of Atlanta, Ga., on our way to Andersonville. That's where we fetched up! And we sang it good," he added with kindling eyes.—Helen W. Taggart, in Washington Star.

GENERALS IN THE SADDLE.

McClellan the Best Ideal of a Horseman—Longstreet a Colossus on His Steed.

Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan was one of the handsomest men on horseback in the Federal service. He sat in the saddle with a grace and ease peculiarly his own. All his appointments were in the most correct taste, and his horses were full-blooded animals. Wearing highly-polished riding-boots, coming up nearly to his hips, and wrinkled from the instep to the knee, he would go splashing over the roads until horse, rider and boots were covered with Virginia mud, probably the stickiest substance in existence. His servant always had a clean pair of boots for the general on his return to quarters after which the man would spend a couple of hours cleaning the other pair. The soldiers at Yorktown used to say that "Little Mac" could collect more mud in an hour's time than any other general in the army. McClellan always rode at a snapping pace, and saw that his staff were well mounted, for nothing more displeased him than their inability to keep up with him. He was very cool on the battle-field, and used to ride from point to point in the calmest manner. Without attempting the cavalry seat or style, McClellan had at all times a perfect command over his charger. His knowledge of horsemanship is shown by the invention of the McClellan saddle, the easiest for man or beast ever made.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was a nervous and somewhat careless rider. He wore his stirrup leathers very long, seeming to be almost all the time standing in the irons. This appearance was intensified by his habit of rising in his stirrups on reaching a turn in the road or some advantageous point of observation. While always careful of his animals, Sherman did not appear to have that fondness for them that is so common among good horsemen. He was constantly on the go and his eye seemed to be everywhere except where his horse was treading.

Sherman's rein was rather a loose one, for he trusted, apparently, to the natural sagacity of his steed rather than to his own guidance. Seen at the head of a column of troops, or giving orders for their disposition on the field, Sherman presented a remarkable figure. Riding along the road he was constantly gazing about him noting the lay of the land passed over, as if internally planning how a battle could be fought there.

Lieut.-Gen. James Longstreet was magnificent on horseback. His bulky figure and enormous beard gave him the appearance of a Colossus, and he had to have powerful horses to carry his weight through the fatigues of a campaign. Men who fought under him have told me that Longstreet had always a gracious manner, and he was unvarying in the observance of politeness. He had a swinging seat, as most heavy men have. I had a glimpse of Gen. Longstreet at Gettysburg. The Third corps had met with a reverse at the right of Little Round Top, and my corps, the Fifth, ran up from its reverse position to take the place of Sickles' men. Through the smoke of the battle after we had climbed up and retaken Little Round Top, a brother officer loaned me his glass and pointed out the confederate corps commander. Longstreet looked grand as he sat calmly on his horse, evidently giving directions for another forward movement, which we were soon after compelled to meet. It is related of him that he never seemed flurried in the heat of battle, and issued his orders in the most matter-of-fact way. He was a horseman and entirely at home in the saddle.

Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker was probably the best looking mounted officer that ever rode at the head of a federal army. He was a true soldier of the old type, had an easy carriage, a firm seat, and sat in the saddle as straight as an arrow. Sometimes the simile is used "as straight as an Indian," but an Indian never sits on a horse straight, however he may walk.—Maj. G. E. Williams in Rider and Driver.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

GEN. E. E. BRYANT, Wisconsin, has written a history of the Third Wisconsin Infantry.

MICHAEL MOORE, of Brooklyn, is the second lieutenant on the army list. He was for years a musician, was made a lieutenant in 1893, and two years later was retired. He now draws three-fourths pay (\$105) a month, and is supposed to be not less than ninety-one years old.

Gen. Stodart has just been visiting Atlanta, a city that was surrendered to him by the mayor, twenty-seven years ago. With a son of that official, Col. Lowndes Calhoun, Gen. Stodart has now examined the spot on which the authority of the federal forces was then recognized, and many incidents of the affair were pleasantly discussed.

The Swamp Angel was an eight-inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifled gun, mounted by the federal troops in a morass on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, in 1863. On August 22 and 23 the city of Charleston, five and one-half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the "Swamp Angel" was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, N. J., but having been identified, it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Perry and Clinton streets in that city.—Detroit Free Press.

Perquisites in the Austrian Court.

At the Austrian court the custom of "perquisites" is still in full force, and it is difficult for anyone who has not seen with his own eyes how things go there to realize what the servants "perquisites" really mean. Some of them are entitled to claim all the bottles of wine which have been uncorked but not emptied; others, those which have been brought up from the cellar but left untouched, while the wine that remains in the glasses after the guests have risen from dinner is rebottled carefully and sold by the footman. The court servants make open traffic of the imperial leavings.—Detroit Free Press.

A Row With Chill.

The present tangle with Chill may be peaceably settled but that the American navy is amply able to protect American honor is apparent to all who have watched its regeneration. Two elegant albums, containing views of the new warships, have been published by the C. H. & D., and on the receipt of six cents in stamps will be sent to any address. Incidentally the C. H. & D. is the great vestibule link between the chilly North and sunny South, and hence its interest in the Gulf tropics. In connection with the Monroe Route it is the World's Fair Route between Cincinnati and Chicago, being the only line running Pullman's Safety Vestibule trains with dining-cars between the cities named. Address E. O. McCormick, G. P. & T. Agent, Cincinnati, O.

FILKINS—"Well, count, did you succeed in trading your title for Miss Millin's hand?" Count Kolnigelt—"No, her father offered me too much boot."—Binghamton Republican.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Hayer Medicine Co. This house places a "Cent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

BOWLES—"What's the difference between this ten-dollar silver watch and this five-dollar silver watch?"—Jeweler (absent-mindedly).—"Five dollars."

Scrap of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Nurses make the meanest kind of white cap, getting for them will even hold up babies.—Baltimore American.

ALL cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

The trouble with the man after your own heart, young woman, is that he isn't.—Boston Transcript.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horsehold and Tar for coughs. Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Mr. Broos—"I put my foot right down on the whole business." Mr. Figgs—"You V'ced it, eh?"

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a day.

Horse sense is a pretty good thing to have at times. It teaches a fellow to say neigh.—Rochester Post.

A hog out in Idaho turned into bone and died. He died hard.—Vioniers Statesman.

HEADSTRONG—The goat.

AN eye for an eye—The glass variety.

A HELPING HAND—One with money in it.

IT'S a wise hen that knows her own set.

A FALL opening—An uncovered coal hole.

A LIVE electric wire is in dead earnest.

ORASMEN should be in row-bust health.

THE family tree cannot be depended on for board.

THE dyer can easily hue to the line.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

IT is not considered an offense for a switchman to flag at his work.

THE hotel waiter can always point out the tip-pical guest.—Boston Gazette.

THE crack shots of the country do not lead an aimless life.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE clock tells the time by its own dial ect.—Detroit Free Press.

THE whistling buoy is of much more value than the whistling girl.

WHEN a giraffe gets a sore throat it must expect a long sickness.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE zoologist finds a topic of absorbing interest in the sponge.—Washington Star.

WHEN a man has apartments in a hotel, his favorite song should be "Home, Sweet Home."—Texas Siftings.

PEOPLE who give themselves away are often dear at the price.

IT is natural for a kitten to act de-mew-ly.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A MAY may think he's only skeptical when he's really foolish.—Columbus Post.

SALVATION OIL

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your



Big, but bad—the old-fashioned pill. Bad to take, and bad to have taken. Inefficient, too. It's only temporary relief you can get from it.

Try something better. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the benefit is lasting. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels. Taken in time, they prevent trouble. In any case, they cure it.

And they cure it easily, they're mild and gentle, but thorough and effective. There's no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick and Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, and the easiest to take—but besides that, they're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicine.

Taking butter from milk was known in the earliest times. It was left for our time to make a milk of cod-liver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod-liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 133 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do, \$1.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY!
GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical foot-wear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes, as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN.
Bare cure for SICK HEADACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, and all other ailments arising from a disordered liver. Biliousness, nervous disorders, Female irregularities, and all other ailments arising from a disordered liver. Send 2-cent stamp. You get 25 page book with sample.

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THE TURKEY'S

"What a difference it is just what light you hold a seductive turkey. As he strolls..."

"Now the simple world To a turkey or a her Has a meaning quite To that understood..."

"'Tis to them a time of Full of pleasures in But 'tis kept within it By observing nature..."

"It suggests to some a When the town is in But to us it means the When we mourn out..."

"Turkey dinner means Gastronomic even While to us it seems the Slaughter of the innocent..."

"During all the fatigues of How degrading 'tis to them That the destiny assigns That to furnish man a..."

"Do men think the fine To a turkey are not That the height of pride, but Is to cover up his bare..."

"We should be the nation, diet We New England's 'ar-co And with patriotic rest Should our honored..."

"Should the honor due From Americans be We could knock that Most completely in..."

"Why should eagles be exterminated Why be culled the While the turkey's life Meet with such a fate..."

—L. P. Lamprey, in P...

She was a copyist in abstract office, at a salary of \$100 a week, payable at the her employers. Probable cashier instead Maggie a young woman they would have waited there had been no "flick" menager lives, to which look back; then it reasonable promise of hence they were married year after their first...

Dick had saved enough to make a two-third small cottage in the main floor to be paid in monthly installments. He had decided that a sum should each month for this balance, which would their living expenses policy in an accident, while they had felt, they felt measure of accident or side...

The cottage was humble affair, but to after their pinched, once in cheap board a bit of paradise. An flowers, her chicken little garden, Maggie and LADY LAMPREY, who had compassed the full measure of happiness. On the classes meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical foot-wear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes, as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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series of articles on what the Government is doing and ought to do for the farmer, including "The Farmer's Dilemma," "Cooperation," the Workings of the Department of Agriculture, etc. A novel of America and India by Rudyard Kipling, written with a young American author, is one of four novels which it will print, and the greatest American writers will furnish its short stories. The famous Spaniard, Emilio Castelar, will contribute a new life of Columbus, to be magnificently illustrated; there will be articles on the World's Fair, by special arrangement with the managers; the humorist "Bill Nye" is to contribute a unique series, and different phases of New York life will be treated in splendid illustrated articles. The first of these New York articles is "The Bowery" in the November Century.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

The Behring sea question is to be settled by arbitration. There is little likelihood that England and America will ever shoot at one another again.

Gov. Russell of Massachusetts is being boomed for the presidency by the Boston Globe. If, as Harper's Weekly says, Russell was not born until 1857, he will not be constitutionally eligible to the presidency next year.

Fritz Tado of Wheeling, W. Va., is worthy of a proud place among the gluttons of history. - Within three hours he ate 18 ordinary dishes of stewed oysters, with "trimmings," and 24 large ham sandwiches, washing each one down with a glass of beer.

About a year ago, an act was passed by the California legislature giving a bounty on rabbit scalps. It is asserted that the country near Tulare, in that state, is now overrun with baldhead bunnies, who have been scalped and turned loose, so that the scalp supply may not fail.

Shakespeare says that there never was any one who could endure the toothache patiently. Anyway Armin Friedman of New York could not, al-

though he had had the courage to be a brave officer in the Austrian army. After a week of odontalgia he blew out his brains with a pistol.

Yousapha Raba is a citizen of Turkey who was attained the mature age of 122 years. As a sort of encouragement to longevity the Turkish Government has pensioned him. There is little doubt that he is somewhere near as old as he claims, as he has a grandson who is a nonagenarian.

A Brooklyn man tried to act as peacemaker between a warring husband and wife. They resented the interference by attacking him, and he pulled out a pistol and fired. He hit no one, but he was arrested, nevertheless, and must stand trial. It is not a bad plan to mind one's business exclusively, however much the business of others may seem to need attention.

C. F. Schmitzpau's eyes are a puzzle to the Orange (N. Y.) doctors. A year ago he was made stone blind by bumping his head against a beam. The other night he had an excruciating pain in his head, and the next morning found the sight of the left eye entirely restored. He is now patiently waiting for another headache to relume the other optic.

A Phillipsburg (N. J.) woman, who is not given to morbid sentimentality, has been raising tomatoes on the graves of her friends. She was gathering the crop not long since when the superintendent of the cemetery discovered what she had been doing. The only excuse the woman made was that she had found the soil splendidly adapted for agricultural purposes. Even the matter-of-fact superintendent was shocked.

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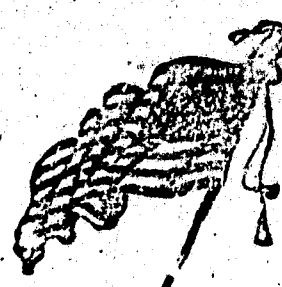
SIDING, FINISHING, FLOORING, SASH, DOORS BLINDS.

A large stock, All size, Ready for hanging at low prices. Estimates furnished on application, for anything in the line of Lumber.

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1891

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OVERCOATS**

For Men, Youths,
and Boys. Meltons,
Kerseys, Cheviots,
Homespuns, Chin-
chillas, Clay Diag'ls.
Regular and extra
sizes, \$1.25 to \$35.

Boys and Children's Clothing.

In this line we show a very hand-
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Suits, and Overcoats from \$4 to \$18
A new line of the natty three-piece.
Derby Suits (short pants) 10 to 16
years. \$7 to \$16. Stylish Jersey
Suits for four-year-olds and upwards
\$2.50 to \$6 Short Pants Suits as
low as \$1.25 Knee Pants as low as
25 cents. Hats, Underwear and
Furnishings in an endless variety.

FALL SUITS

Cutaways, Chester-
fields, Double Br.
Frocks, Single and
Double Br. square
cut Sacks. A Fall
Dress on special or-
der only. Prices
\$5.00 to \$30.00.

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Is a matter purely between you and us. We pay tribute to nothing for our success, save your apprecia-
tion and our own perseverance. The immense stock of Suits and Overcoats that fills our large store, was
made for you—personally, and worth fills every cent you pay us. Who ought to be able to clothe you
best? We who have been serving you for 30 years, or some one who does not know you, and whose only
interest lies in how much profit they can make. Our line of Suits and Overcoats this season is one-third
larger, and much finer than we have ever before shown. From the people comes our praise—the home
folks here, who are now and will be again, arrayed in ours, the finest clothing made on earth. The lowest
grade we advertise is \$5. We have cheaper ones. We put the most money \$5 can buy into it. That is
why it is better than any one else sells. At \$7, \$10, \$15, \$20 and upward, you will find with every increase
in price—worth takes a long stride. See every grade. We are from \$3 to \$5 under any one. Why, do you
ask? Because we pay no rent, buy for cash and every time a pinched manufacturer has to unload a bar-
gain, we get a slice of it.

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DEPENDENT WEEKLY NE

DAY, NOVEMBER

BLAIR, Editor a

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MURCH DIRECT

... Church.—
 Pastor. Regular
 ... m.; Sabbath school
 ... Church.—Rev. J.
 ... Services at 11:00 a
 ... at 10:00 a m.
 ... Church.—Rev. G.
 ... Preaching at 10:45 a
 ... at 9:30 a. m.; class
 ... People's meeti
 ... meeting Wednesd

F. Church.—Rev. J. L. Starnes. Services at 11:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10 a. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. L. Starnes. Preaching at 11 a. m.; Class every other Sabbath; Sabbath school at 1 p. m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. J. L. Starnes. Preaching every Sabbath and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 9 o'clock p. m.; Prayer meeting every night.

GULLS IN THE

The gulls constitute the elements of our harbor, their singularly graceful, slender wings and striking black and white render them peculiarly attractive, and, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, on the 1st of June, 1874, the flocks of the Atlantic and Pacific gulls breeding places in the south, in isolation, they are seen to the birds in greatest numbers. They are familiar with an occasional storm, flashing over the harbor or bay can for the reception of the apparently choice birds on mass their choice. On the United States the California famous places, but none more Bird Key, in the Gulf.

My first visit to the ship that had ground, and was a couple miles from the wreck I noticed a hanging low over some mysterious is some invisible spot over the spot. Po reef in that direct mystery. The clouds of active fuss and by the million, two came to meet murmuring sound louder and loud until soon the roars.

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THE HERALD

INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, '97

H. BLAIR, Editor and Proprietor

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Church.—Rev. T. C. G. G. Pastor. Regular services at 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

Second Church.—Rev. J. F. Morton. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

Third Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00 p. m.

Fourth Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

Fifth Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey, pastor. Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

Sabbath School.—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath School at 10:00 a. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

GULLS IN THE CLOUDS.

Millions of Them Seen on the South Atlantic and Pacific Coast.

The gulls constitute the feathered ornaments of our harbors and shores, their singularly graceful flight, long, slender wings and striking contrasts in black and white rendering them particularly attractive, says the San Francisco Chronicle. On the various portions of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts their breeding places are found, but it is in the south, in isolated regions, that they are seen to the best advantage and in greatest numbers. Those who are familiar with an occasional white winged form flashing over the waters of the harbor or bay can form but little conception of the appearance of those choice birds en masse in the home of their choice. On the southern borders of the United States there are several localities famous as bird collecting places, but none more interesting than Bird Key, in the Gulf of Mexico.

My first visit to the key was made while examining the wreck of a large ship that had grounded in years before and was a conspicuous object about two miles from the key. From the old wreck I noticed a singular dark cloud hanging low over the island, as though some mysterious smoke had risen from some invisible source and now floated over the spot. Polling the boat over the reef in that direction I soon solved the mystery. The cloud was alive, a mass of active furs and feathers; birds, birds by the million, so it seemed. One or two came to meet us, and now a distinct murmuring sound was heard, growing louder and louder as we approached, until soon the roar was deafening.

The terms now left the island by scores and hundreds, flying about the boat with wild cries, darting down with menacing gestures. Myriads that had been upon the ground rose, and what had been an indefinite cloud became an almost solid mass of birds, creating a noise like thunder, so that as our boat crunched on the sandy beach our voices were lost and we could only hear each other by screaming. This had a singular effect, as on the second every individual ceased its chatter, silence profound seemed to reign and the birds dived or swooped down as if in fear, to rise again and continue the avian uproar.

The sight was a most remarkable one. The birds were of two kinds—the black-headed tern and the noddy—the former beautiful creatures, with dark heads and bright intelligent eyes, veritable spirits of the air and gale as they flitted about; while the noddies, which were sparsely represented, were dark, with a pale light patch upon the head. The gulls laid their eggs upon the ground, the noddies in rude nests upon the trees.

The island or key occupied several acres, perhaps twenty, and was covered with a low scrub of bay cedar nowhere more than ten feet in height, with here and there a patch of cactus or prickly pear. The birds had prospected every foot of ground, so that it was difficult to step or move in the bush without treading upon the attractive speckled eggs.

The domestic arrangements were simple enough, as the eggs were hatched by the sun and hot sand that cooled but little during the night from the baking it received during the day. The only enemies the birds had were the hermit crabs, that constitute the permanent settlers of the island.

An Interesting Time-Piece.

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock is shaped like a tambourine, with a circle of flowers painted on its head. Around the circle two bees crawl, the larger one requiring twelve hours to complete its circuit, while the smaller one makes it every hour. Different flowers represent the hours, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnets behind the head of the tambourine.

ARTISTS' MODELS IN PARIS.

Their Arms and Throats Smuggled Into Portraits of High Women of Fashion.

A report of a contemplated strike of the models in Paris has brought out an interesting interview between one of the ladies in the profession and a representative of a paper in the French capital, says the New York Sun.

"Well," said the reporter to this young woman, whom he describes as a handsome blonde, with a fresh and rosy complexion, "you are all on strike, eh? You are syndicating?"

With a smile and a shrug she replied: "Nonsense! that thing could never take."

"And why?"

"It is easy to understand. You see there are two kinds of models, those who follow the thing all their lives and those who take it up en passant. The first are the models of the academies, who want to go on strike, and the second are the artists' models, who laugh at the proposal and treat it as a humbug. You will find the first at the School of Fine Arts, with Julian, in the ateliers of Bonnant, Jean-Paul Laurens and Cormon. The women get four francs a sitting and the men three, the total earnings of a day being eight and six francs. At the end of the week there is also the cornet."

"Every Saturday the monitor goes round with a cornet, or horn-shaped paper box, and takes up a collection. The students give from two to five cents each, according to the degree of satisfaction which they derive from the models. That brings in about seventy-five cents, and sometimes one dollar, but this is rare, and, moreover, the models do not get work every week. They are often brought down to extreme poverty, and often have to sing in the streets and beg. The women, formerly servant girls, get places again when they can, and some of them do worse."

"Is it possible?"

"It is as true as I am speaking to you; but they always come back and pose. As for the artists' models, there are very few men among them, on account of the increasing scarcity of church and historical pictures. For the women it is a temporary business. A fresh and well-made girl commences to make her living in some dressmaking establishment, where she begins to undermine her constitution and render her eyes from eight in the morning to ten and eleven at night, and all for what? About seventy-five cents a day. Even that would not be so bad if there were steady work; but the dull times are frequent. So she decides to pose. At the beginning it is hard, oh, very hard, but at last we become reconciled to it, because it is a fine thing for a poor girl to make her four francs a day. Certainly the model does not get work every day at the beginning. She gets her customers gradually. But when once established she is all right. At one place she poses for the entire figure. At another she poses for some detail, especially among the portrait painters."

"The portrait painters?"

"Why, certainly. Do you fancy that those fine and rich ladies would take the trouble to sit for their portraits every day for three weeks? That would tire them pretty soon. Consequently three-fourths of the artists, when the preparation is finished, take the feet, the hands, and sometimes the arms and throat from us. After all, it is not such a bad trade, although there are always dull times in the summer months. The business has only one drawback—a serious one—it doesn't last. You see we can't always be young. When we touch upon twenty-five the complexion begins to fade. At that age also we become fat. Then we quit the business and return to dress-making."

A Rice-Eating Match.

A decided novelty in the way of a sporting event, and one which attracted a big "gate," was a Chinese rice-eating match in San Francisco a few days ago. The match was arranged by a Chinaman named Marohy, who is a great sport and as much of an American as the law will allow him to be. Fifteen of his pig-tailed countrymen competed for the grand prize of two dollars. A huge bowl of boiled rice was set on a table and attendants dished the rice out in small bowls to the contestants. The lean Mongolians stood around the table, chop-sticks in hand, and when time was called they pitched in with terrible earnestness and painful solemnity. The rattling of chop-sticks kept up at a lively pace for half an hour, but at the end of an hour Ti Jing Yow, who had fasted for a couple of days, was the only stayer, and he was declared the winner. The amount of rice consumed left a painfully small margin of profit for Marohy.

Geese Freak of a Gobbler.

Mr. James Grier, who lives about five miles east of Dawson, has a turkey gobbler that is a curiosity, says the Columbus (O.) Enquirer-Sun. Mr. Grier's turkeys consisted of two hens and the gobbler. The hens made nests about seventy-five yards apart in Mr. Grier's melon patch, laid their nests full of eggs and went to setting. The gobbler got lonesome and concluded that the proper thing for him to do was to set also. He got an equal distance between the two turkey hens, squatted over a guinea watermelon and set six weeks before he was discovered. Mr. Grier thought his gobbler had been stolen and was utterly astonished when he found him in the patch trying to hatch out young melons.

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Household and kitchen Furniture. When cleaning house this fall you will find you need a new parlor or chamber suite. It is then we can do you good. We have an elegant line to select from and will guarantee prices.

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It may be you will need the services of Undertakers or practical embalmers. If so we guarantee good service

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The Kenia Jeweler
Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS!

The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brazilian Pebble Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the latest novelties? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."

KATE: "I don't know; I certainly do not make any exception in the direction."

JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting."



without any teacher: you came to the rescue when Miss Lafarge deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball."

KATE: "You seem to be up on all the latest fads, and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises."

JENNIE: "You get all of your information from the little out-of-the-way places—for you seem to do that."

KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I read every issue of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magazines! Not Magazines! And a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMOUS magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only; while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$5.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or better still, send it to you to see. W. Jennings Demorest, 25 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

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Tailor.
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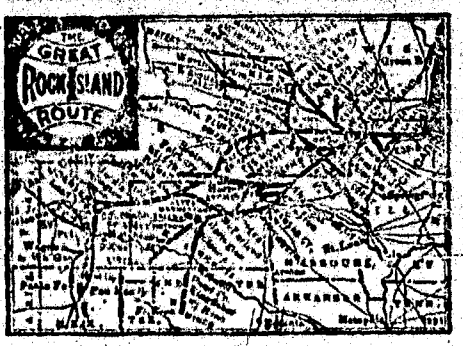
KENIA, O.

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Schedule of Passenger Trains-General Time

Westward.			10	11	12	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM
Columbus	iv		5:00	8:00	11:15	1:45	2:55	4:05	5:15	6:25	7:35	8:45	9:55	11:05	12:15	1:25	2:35	3:45	4:55	6:05	7:15	8:25	9:35	10:45	11:55	1:05	2:15	3:25	4:35
Alton			5:10	8:10	11:25	1:55	3:05	4:15	5:25	6:35	7:45	8:55	10:05	11:15	12:25	1:35	2:45	3:55	5:05	6:15	7:25	8:35	9:45	10:55	12:05	1:15	2:25	3:35	4:45
West Jefferson			5:20	8:20	11:35	2:05	3:15	4:25	5:35	6:45	7:55	9:05	10:15	11:25	12:35	1:45	2:55	4:05	5:15	6:25	7:35	8:45	9:55	11:05	12:15	1:25	2:35	3:45	4:55
London			5:30	8:30	11:45	2:15	3:25	4:35	5:45	6:55	8:05	9:15	10:25	11:35	12:45	1:55	3:05	4:15	5:25	6:35	7:45	8:55	10:05	11:15	12:25	1:35	2:45	3:55	5:05
St. Charles			5:40	8:40	11:55	2:25	3:35	4:45	5:55	7:05	8:15	9:25	10:35	11:45	12:55	2:05	3:15	4:25	5:35	6:45	7:55	9:05	10:15	11:25	12:35	1:45	2:55	4:05	5:15
Bellevue			5:50	8:50	12:05	2:35	3:45	4:55	6:05	7:15	8:25	9:35	10:45	11:55	1:05	2:15	3:25	4:35	5:45	6:55	8:05	9:15	10:25	11:35	12:45	1:55	3:05	4:15	5:25
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Wilberforce			6:10	9:10	12:25	2:55	4:05	5:15	6:25	7:35	8:45	9:55	11:05	12:15	1:25	2:35	3:45	4:55	6:05	7:15	8:25	9:35	10:45	11:55	1:05	2:15	3:25	4:35	5:45
Kenia			6:20	9:20	12:35	3:05	4:15	5:25	6:35	7:45	8:55	10:05	11:15	12:25	1:35	2:45	3:55	5:05	6:15	7:25	8:35	9:45	10:55	12:05	1:15	2:25	3:35	4:45	5:55
Spring Valley			6:30	9:30	12:45	3:15	4:25	5:35	6:45	7:55	9:05	10:15	11:25	12:35	1:45	2:55	4:05	5:15	6:25	7:35	8:45	9:55	11:05	12:15	1:25	2:35	3:45	4:55	6:05
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The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

MY JEWELS.

How they please me with their jollity and joy,
How they tease me, with their nonsense and their noise,
How amuse me with their childlike plays and pranks,
How annoy me with their crochets and their cracks.

How, at times, I blame and bless them,
And in turn, chide and caress them;
How I scold them, and enfold them,
And joyfully behold them.
At all times, in every season,
With and without rhyme or reason;
How they mystify and hold me
In suspense at what they've told me;
How wise, and wonderful, and deep,
When their secrets they would keep;
These more than lively busy bodies,
Full of mirth and of good odds;
How my head grows dull and dizzy,
While they keep my hands so busy,
With demands in passing hours,
On already burdened powers,
With lessons, books and broken toys,
(Damaged by some other boys),
Smooth pillow, earnest pleadings,
For overhauling and earnest headings,
Now with preaching, then with prattle,
Sometimes only childish tattle.

How they hurry me and flurry me,
And although I think they worry me,
They are ever welcome visitors,
Often comfort giving ministrants;

Ah, is there aught that rather
One would be, than a grandfather,
With a nest of one, two, three,
Even if four, five, six there be,
With their jollity and joys,
And their nonsense and their noise?

"These are my jewels," Cornelia said, and these,
Or such as these, are mine, too, if you please.
—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

A ROMANCE —OR— TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.
AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUDE,"
"AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL
THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK
FAMILY," ETC.

[Copyright, 1900, By Edgar Fawcett.]

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The world stood still with him while he watched. He was no longer in the least agitated; he simply felt himself under the spell of a mighty suspense. His new passion began in him a new hope. Would she wake at the summons of the drug? He intensely longed to have her do so, and with the increase of yearning came a diminution of doubt. Soon a fierce joy shot through every fiber of his frame. She moved, ever so faintly, her lips betrayed the slightest of tremors, and yet one which there was no mistaking. Then she sighed, heavily, painfully; at the sound a great compassion took hold of his heart-strings and wrung them till he felt that he might cry aloud. But his mouth remained firmly locked, and in a minute more he perceived that her features were twitching as if some inward torture racked her. When, with extreme abruptness, her eyes unclosed, they darted forth wild, frightened lusters. Consciousness had come to her, and with it strong alarm. She raised herself slowly, shudderingly, from the level where she lay. It was then that Gerald sprang toward her.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "You're quite safe." And he helped her to rise, wrapping her about her shape the large loose garment in which it had first been clad. She tottered a little as he planted her foot on the floor, repelling him in a childish, terrified way with one hand, while the other grasped her drapery just above the breast.

"Safe?" she now repeated, staring at him and still tottering. He wheeled up an easy-chair behind her, and, pushed backward by his gentle pressure, she sank into it.

"Where am I?" she went on, her voice full of scared quavers. He was about to answer with at least some semblance of accuracy, when she continued to speak, her white fingers grasping bewilderedly the long, thick fallen strand of her hair.

"I—I thought I had died," she murmured. "I thought—"

Gerald dropped into a chair at her side. "Tell me how you came to do it!" he said. "Remember, I'm your friend. No matter what made you do it, I'm prepared to give you nothing but the most absolute sympathy."

She look at him blankly. "I don't understand you."

"Why, you said that you thought you had died."

"Yes . . . yes . . . I said that."

"And you tried, then, to kill yourself?"

"To kill myself?" she echoed, with a shiver. "Oh, no! And yet . . . Tell me!" she broke off, with wistful eagerness of mind and gaze. "Do you know that I—I thought to take my own life?"

While her dark eyes devoured him he replied with the utmost tenderness: "I don't know it, but I surmise it. When they brought you here a little while ago they told me that you had been seen as you sprang into the river—that some one made the effort to save you and—"

He paused, there. He shrank from pronouncing the word "failed." It appeared to him that he saw how he so shrank, and hence he was wholly unprepared for the helpless manner in which she now shook her head, feebly talking.

"I don't remember. It's all a—vacancy, a nothingness, when I seek to recollect."

Gerald leaned toward her with great compassion in his looks.

"You recall your name, surely, do you not?"

"My name, my name?" she answered, bowing her head. She let it stay thus for quite awhile, then, lifting it, she burst into tears. "No, no," she cried; "I can't even remember my name. I—I only know that I'm here—that I wasn't happy and had horrible fancies. A long time ago, I mean. Oh, it seems like ages and ages ago!"

She fell backwards in the chair and her sobs, deep though not tumultuous, broke the stillness.

Then, a few seconds later, something else broke it as well. Gerald started up. Crawford Clyde had quietly entered the room.

Gerald went with him as much apart as possible. They spoke in quick whispers.

"Clyde, Clyde, it has succeeded!"

"No, Gerald, you're not in earnest?"

"Then I've never been."

"My God, man! And she—"

"They brought her in dead—rigid. She was seen to attempt suicide; they could not save her; they were too late. It happened up-town on the East side—off one of the wharves there. To look at her was to see death in her face. Then I applied the elixir. It literally summoned back her soul. There she is now. Look how piteously she's crying. Her mind is yet wrapped in hazes, like some landscapes at earliest morn. She's beautiful, very beautiful. I've never seen a woman's face that so fascinated me."

Clyde had grown pale. He glanced keenly at the form of the woman seated some distance away. She had ceased to weep, but her face was full of heart-breaking woe. With the dark volumes of her raiment undulating from her bosom to the floor, she looked like a Magdalen painted by some artist of rare gift.

"Whatever it all means," Clyde now said, "she must be aided at once." He put his hand on Gerald's shoulder. "You're knocked over by this affair," he went on. "Leave every thing to me. There, and he forced his interlocutor into a near-sent. "Rest yourself a little," Gerald obeyed him, and it now seemed to the young man's own mind that he was on the verge of swooning away. The room appeared to fill with a whitish mist. Through it he presently saw the dull, fatted, genteel visage of his landlady. Was there ever such a stupid face, he thought, as that of this poor Mrs. Brawne? Clyde spoke with her, did he not? Yes; some of the words came to Gerald's ears like those ghosts of words we call echoes. His friend was talking about her. Were he and Mrs. Brawne taking her away? Well, at least they were leading her from the room, supporting her between them.

Therewith, Gerald yielded to the languor which overcame him. He dimly realized that it was caused by reaction after the strain he had endured. He had no idea how long a time passed before Clyde again stood near him.

"She's all right for the present, my boy. That landlady of yours is very accommodating, and I don't think she has intelligence enough to feel in the least scandalized by—But Gerald! Look here, now: what's the matter? Why, you're in a cold sweat! You're ill."

"I—I was," returned Gerald, trying to smile.

He felt Clyde's fingers at his pulse. "You must have a stimulant; I think

that's all you need. It's only excitement. Have you any thing to drink here?"

"Yes," breathed Gerald. "Yonder there's brandy. But I'm getting better, now. It's passing over."

"Is it?" said Clyde shortly. "We'll help to pass quicker." He went to the spot toward which a weak gesture of his companion had pointed.

Suddenly Gerald heard a crashing sound. One keen ray of recollection here shot through his mind. He rose grasping the back of his chair. "Clyde," he called, "what have you broken?"

"A bottle of some sort," came the answer. "It was horribly awkward of me, I know; but I dare say the thing only held some chemical you no longer needed."

Gerald hurried across the room, beset by an ugly doubt which acted clearly on his already brightened brain. He saw certain glass fragments lying on the floor, and picked one of them up.

"Ah," he faltered, "it was the flask that contained the elixir!"

"Too bad!" exclaimed Clyde. "Please forgive me, Gerald."

"Oh, I do, of course," came the reply. "It was an accident, I know."

"Dear fellow, I'll swear to you it was only that! You don't—you can't suspect—"

"No, no."

"The light's a little dim over in this corner. My elbow struck the thing before I knew. But never mind, you've got the formula yet, though it did cost you such a lot of labor to secure just this little amount of liquid."

"Oh, yes, I've the formula," murmured Gerald in dreamy tones. "Besides, I don't care so much now." He was thinking of the woman whom he had resurrected from death.

Clyde's voice again sounded, crisp and resonant. "Ah! here's the stuff I was after. Now, Gerald, you must take a big swallow of it. You're infernally played out by this whole proceeding and you need a good, long sleep to pull you round again. There . . . sit down once more. We must get you to bed presently, and if this commonplace dose doesn't quiet you we'll try something a little more scientific."

CHAPTER VIII.

Toward evening of the next day Sylvan Maynard began to wonder at his brother's absence. Gerald was so apt to drop in of a morning; what meant this failure to present himself? True, his late visits had been brief, and his



HE AT ONCE WENT DOWN-STAIRS AND RECEIVED HER.

manner while making them had seemed preoccupied, abnormal. But he had always come; he had always evinced a desire to come, and a warm feeling for the sorrow and sickness by which his nearest kinsman was crushed.

Sylvan had now recovered from his second dismal attack and begun to accept the gray despondency of the life which Lucia's desertion had wrought for him. A certain indignation against her had indeed nerved him like a sort of tonic. She had wronged him infinitely; he meant to try and tear from his heart all craving to look upon her again. Her flight had been a confession of antipathy—of past hypocrisy as well. They needed him at his office—own-town. He would make an effort, very soon, and go there. As for the slightest further search—no! He could not force her to come back and live with him, and the self-humiliation of publicly seeking her only to meet repulsion afterward would but increase the burden he now bore.

And yet, whether on the face of the earth had he fled? This question, he well saw, must ceaselessly vex him, like a pebble in one's boot-sole. What conceivable means of livelihood had she found? Must not her aunt Janet have certainly duped him, led to him? His indignation strengthened as he grew more and more convinced that this was true.

Three or four days went by, and still Gerald failed to appear. He was now convalescent; he thought of leaving the house on the morrow, and instead of at once going to his office he had resolved first to call upon his brother. Somewhat late in the afternoon of the day when this resolve was formed, a servant handed him the card of his wife's aunt, Mrs. Calderly.

He at once went down-stairs and received her. The moment they met she gave a little moan and lifted both hands. Immediately afterward, and while they were seating themselves, he observed that she looked sallower than ever and that the eye which had no cross in it was full of distress. Her first words confirmed this impression.

"I have come to you, Sylvan," she said, "in a very miserable frame of mind. Please pardon my—my surprise at your appearance. But I wasn't prepared to find you looking so bad."

"I've been quite ill," he said, curtly, "but am getting on now. Pray, what is your own trouble?"

He could not resist adding: "Has some one of your brave army of free-thinkers been deserting your rationalistic banner?"

She astonished him by talking no notice of his satire. "I'm glad you're well enough to see me," she said. "I've something vastly important to tell you. It has been getting me into a dreadful state. I hope it—it will not affect you in the same way."

"Affect me?" Sylvan muttered. His brow clouded. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "it's about my wife! You've heard from her—or perhaps you knew all along just where she was."

Mrs. Calderly clasped her hands together. "I did know! I did know! She was there with me when you came to inquire about her."

"She was in your house! And so you—"

"I told you a falsehood. Yes, I admit that I did!"

Sylvan's eyes glittered and his lip curled.

"This is the sort of conscience," he sneered, "that you find permitted to you by the noble precepts of your beloved philosophers—by Kant and Comte, by Spencer and Huxley! Ah! madam, forgive me if I venture to prefer the poor wisdom of the Ten Commandments!"

"You're horribly severe," she replied, in a voice that seemed like the quiver of her thin lips translated into sound. "You never liked me, and now I've that to contend with at a time when every word I must say will help to make you hate me all the harder! Lucia was in a wretched state—she was a very ill woman indeed—when she came to my house. She pleaded the need to let you know she had found refuge under my roof. That's what she called it—finding refuge under my roof."

"And you didn't exactly detest the phrase, either. I can quite understand that you didn't. Please go on; Mrs. Calderly."

"For a great while she seemed to me on the verge of complete prostration. I believed her mind was going, and yet, now and then, she would act with such entire sanity that I again strongly doubted it. She would never leave the two little rooms, mine and hers, which were connected by a door. Sometimes she would pace the floors of both for an hour and more, with her hands clasped and her face the picture of despair. She would never tell me just what it was you had done to her. She would merely shake her head and promise me, in trembling tones, that she would make it all plain by and by."

"And meanwhile," said Sylvan, with hueless face and a voice full of irony, "you were very willing to take on trust any evil tidings regarding my treatment of her. But once more pardon me. I interrupt you too much."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Calderly, "you make my task bitterer than it is! I heap horrid reproaches on me by your sarcasms. I pitied Lucia—that was all. I meant to advise her returning to you as soon as her mind got back its lost balance. She refused, with great obstinacy, to see a doctor. Then she fell into a brooding state, and I grew still more alarmed, dreading the melancholy form of madness. This was not long ago. One day she suddenly grew violent, and talked of you, with a flask of white liquid, waiting somewhere either to pour it down her throat or inject it into her blood, and so poison her."

"Ah!" gasped Sylvan. He rose, and his pale face seemed to grow paler, while a slight, hollow cough caught him, one which his dead mother, had she heard it, might have likened to an echo of his dead father's. "What more, please—what more?"

"The doctor whom I called in couldn't quite grasp her case, he said. She had grown quieter by the time he saw her. She had yielded to my persuasions and my servant's, and had let us put her to bed. The doctor gave her some sort of soothing medicine, and left her. That night I was very nervous and hardly slept a wink. The next day she seemed a good



"AND YOU DARE TO SAY IT?"

deal better until afternoon, when she began to have the same hallucination about you, and begged me to lock the doors of the bedroom and put the keys in my pocket. But I had no sooner done this than she began to shake with fear that you might be hidden somewhere in the room itself, with the flask of white poison—it was always the flask of white poison. . . . I obeyed this second fit of mania. She had never been at all violent that day, and later, when the doctor came, she produced in both him and myself the belief that she was now truly on the verge of a marked change for the better. He encouraged me, and said he had given her something to make her pass a tranquil night. (Oh, I've never felt till now, with all my respect for the wonders of science, what guess-work, what empiricism, is the craft of all physicians, and how there's nothing certain about them except when they're surgeons, though surgery may kill as often as it cures!)

By eight o'clock that evening—last Wednesday evening, it was—she had fallen into a very placid sleep. I was dreadfully tired, and lay down in my own room, so near hers that I believed the least call from her could wake me. But I must have slept very heavily indeed, and I certainly slept much longer than I had expected. When, with a guilty kind of start, I awakened, my first impulse was to seek her room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A ninety-three-year-old man in Mystic, Conn., has been climbing into his apple trees and gathering the fruit as though he were only twenty.

—In Mississippi recently three interesting events happened on one evening in a family: An old lady and her husband celebrated their golden wedding, a daughter and son-in-law their silver wedding and a granddaughter her wedding.

—A recent visitor to the tombs of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va., says that the grave of Tyler is unmarked by stone or monument and that he could find no inscription of any kind on the small chapel-like structure over the remains of Monroe.

—The czar of Russia says that rather than not see his pet scheme, the Trans-Siberian railroad completed in three years from lack of funds he would advance the needed money—\$17,500,000—out of his private purse. He can do it; he has, it is said, \$50,000,000 always in bank in ready money.

—On the grave of the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone, son of the premier, has been erected a plain white marble cross with three bases, bearing the inscription: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee. William Henry Gladstone; born June 8, 1840; passed away July 6, 1891."

—The duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last king of Hanover, is the possessor of no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while the plate of the house of Orange at The Hague, including two thousand solid silver dinner plates, has an estimated value of \$8,500,000. The plate used by Queen Victoria during the visit of the emperor of Germany is said to be worth \$10,000,000.

—The coolness of the Austrian emperor the other day, when he heard of the dynamite outrage, in saying: "If a bridge be blown up we shall have to get out and walk," reminds the Pall Mall Gazette of Sir Thomas More's sang froid when his head was on the block. As the fatal stroke was about to fall he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason."

—Frau Clara Ruge has just finished in New York city a characteristic portrait of Christobel Rojas, the young South American artist whose romantic career has touched so many hearts. His picture of the "Purgatorio" received the gold medal from the Paris Salon. He had gone home to Venezuela to die, and on the heights of the mountain near Caracas he met the son of the distinguished German patriot Arnold Ruge, who with his artistic wife often went sketching amid the beautiful scenery.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"Mrs. Garrill fell down stairs and bit her tongue in two." Poor Garrill! If that woman has two tongues, Heaven knows what will become of him.

—"Do you know anything about your ancestors?" She—"Yes, everything. He—"Then you have a family tree?" She—"Oh, no! I have a brother running for office."—Elmira Gazette.

—"She was a good girl," said Mrs. De-Kadenz, "and not only understood her duties, but knew her place. I had to let her go, though. I have been studying Fido's character rather closely, and I really believe that blondes are distasteful to the dear angel."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Say, Harry," said one small boy to another, "they're people in the moon." "No, they ain't." "Yes, they is; my pa said so." "How does your pa know? He was never in the moon." "No, but he's out every night and sees lots. I guess he knows more'n us."—St. Louis Republic.

—"Why, Charley! what an awful cold you've got!" "Yes, Maud, it is a bad one." "How did you catch it?" "Well, we've been having flannel cakes every morning, and—" "Yes." "This morning we switched over to oat-buckwheat. Bad season to change from flannels."—Philadelphia Press.

—"What the Preaching is For."—There is a story that some children had a discussion concerning the services in one of our fashionable temples. One youngster who had reached the mature age of seven, said: "I'd just like to know what preaching is for." "Oh, don't you know?" inquired his five-year-old sister; it's to give the singers a rest, of course."—Hebrew Standard.

—"Groom to bride, as they arrive at their first stopping place, after the ceremony."—"Now, Laura, darling, don't let these people know we have just been married." Clerk (as groom finishes registering).—"Front! Show this gentleman and his wife No. 40—bridal chamber." (To porter).—"Tom, take the gentleman's hat and brush the rice from the brim."—Demorest's Magazine.

—"Brown, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Brown, opening wide his eyes. "No, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "Mrs. Brown," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am so much like a donkey?" He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."—Horseheads Bazaar.

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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

To make burning fluid, take eight gallons of ninety-five per cent alcohol, and add two gallons camphene, ten grains camphor and ten to fifteen grains of nitre.—Detroit Free Press.

A good tea cake that a dyspeptic can eat without injury if cold: One cup sugar, one egg, half cup sour cream, the same of sweet milk, small teaspoonful soda, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake an hour before tea time so that the cake may have time to cool.

For oyster macaroni, wash and boil one-fourth pound of macaroni; when done line a baking dish with it, then add a layer of bread crumbs seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, next a layer of oysters and again macaroni and oysters, letting the last layer be of bread crumbs. Pour on one glass of milk and place in the oven.—N. Y. World.

Boiled Corned Beef.—Put on the meat in cold water; allow one quart of water to every pound of meat. The slower it boils the better it will be. For every pound of meat let it boil fifteen minutes; thus, a piece of beef weighing twelve pounds should boil three hours. If the beef is to be eaten cold, as soon as it is taken out of the pot immerse it in cold water for a short time, in order to retain the juices. Tongues are boiled in the same manner.—Boston Budget.

Chestnut Compote.—The chestnuts should be roasted before peeling. Press them a little on the edge of the table. See that they are clean, then put them into sirup prepared as for apple compote, and warm them gently on the fire. By so doing the sirup will permeate or soak into the chestnuts. Add the juice of a lemon and a few lemon chips. Put the chestnuts into glass dishes, sprinkle some powdered sugar over them, get your salamander and glaze them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Slippit.—This is an old German dish, dating back at least a hundred years. Boil two quarts of pared, quartered and cored sweet apples until tender. Thicken them with a tablespoonful of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Have ready a kettle with three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat flour until as thick as corn-meal mush. Boil three minutes. Fry a handful of fine bread-crumbs. With a large spoon drop one spoonful of the mush at a time into the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a platter. To make it slip easily off the spoon, dip the latter each time in water. Dish the apples separately, and send both to the table hot, to be eaten together.—Demorest's Magazine.

Hare Pie.—Cut the hare into small pieces and season with pepper, salt, nutmeg and mace; put it into a jar, cover close, and set it over the fire in a deep steapen of boiling water, and let it stew until half done. Make a forcemeat with a quarter of a pound of scraped bacon, one onion minced fine, a French roll grated, the liver chopped fine, a little winter savory, grated nutmeg and a glass of port wine. Season with pepper and salt, and mix it well together with the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Line the side and edge of a dish with dough; put the force-meat at the bottom and then the pieces of hare, with the gravy that ran from it in the jar, cover it over with a rich crust and make a hole in the top, egg it over and bake.—Boston Herald.

NEW WRAPS.

Whether in Cloth or Fur They Are to Be Longer.—The Fall Cape.

Fall and winter jackets are most elegant and dressy affairs of cloth or fur. They will grow longer and longer as the season advances, reaching well to the knees. A slight reaction is observable in favor of the tight-fitting newmarket.

These tight-fitting coats in dark blue cloth will be the first to put in an appearance. They are made entirely without ornament, save their perfection of fit, in rough, shaggy cloth, closed with a few rich buttons in cut silver or in bronze coin effects. Broad shawl revers of beaver, lynx or seal decorate other coats, which have also a narrow edging of fur down the front and round the bottom.

These revers turned back reveal magnificent waistcoats of cloth or suede or buckskin, richly wrought with metallic embroidery. The coat in the cut is of rough striped cloth of rich masticum tint, opening with revers of seal over a heavily braided suede waistcoat invisibly closed.

Among the new materials for more elegant coats, those considered sufficiently dressy for carriage and reception wear, is one which comes in brown, blue or black, with an all-over design in gold thread.

Silk and wool mixtures, woven like fine homespun, smooth surfaced cloths, decorated with a bourette stripe or crossed with bars of shaggy wool, and so-called "velvet cloths," having a velvet-like finish, all come in the rich-red browns, garnets, blue-blacks, grays and greens common in dress materials. The model shown is of the silk and wool mixture, in bright rich garnet, with skirts of black velvet and a decoration of costly arabesque passementerie covering the pocket lids and seams. Its lining is of handsome broad-corded silk in bronze and gold shades.

The fall cape repeats the summer styles in richer materials, more costly decoration and more elegant lining. Indeed, some one has said buy your lining, and then if you have any money left buy your cape.—Boston Globe.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Only a few Announcements can be included in this advertisement, but they will enable the friends of THE COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during 1892—the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

Nine Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories for the coming year will be of rare interest and variety, as well as unusual in number.

Lola Mallet's Dangerous Gift. A New England Quaker Girl's first Contact with "World's People"; by **Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee.**
A Tale of the Tow-Path. The Hardships encountered by a Boy who found Life at home too Hard for him; by **Homer Greene.**
How Dickon Came by his Name. A charmingly written Story of the Age of Chivalry; by **Harold Frederic.**
Two "Techs" Abroad. They set off on a Tour of the World in quest of Profitable Enterprises; by **C. A. Stephens.**
A Young Knight of Honor. The Story of a Boy who stood at his Post while Death was all around him; by **Miss Fanny M. Johnson.**
A Boy Lieutenant. A True Narrative; by **Free S. Bowley.**
Smoky Days. A Story of a Forest Fire; by **E. W. Thomson.**
Touaregs. A Story of the Sahara; by **Louisa G. Brown.**
On the Lone Mountain Route; by **Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.**

Hints on Self-Education.

Articles of great value to Young Men who desire to educate themselves.

Hon. Andrew D. White, Ex-President of Cornell.
President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University.
President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College.
President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University.
President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton College.
Professor James Bryce, M. P., author of the "American Commonwealth."

Practical Advice.

The Habit of Thrift; by **Andrew Carnegie.**
How to Start a Small Store; by **F. B. Thurber.**
Girls and the Violin. A Valuable Paper; by **Camilla Urso.**
A Chat with Edison. How to Succeed as an Electrician; by **G. P. Lathrop.**
Boys in N. Y. Offices; Evils of Small Loans; by **Henry Clews.**
The Girl Who Thinks She Can Write. Three Articles of Advice by well-known Writers, **Amelia E. Barr, Jeanette L. Gilder, Kate Field.**

Five Special Features.

A Rare Young Man. Describing the life of a young inventor of extraordinary gifts; by **The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.**
Episodes in My Life. A delightful paper telling how he came to build the Suez Canal; by **The Count de Lesseps.**
The Story of the Atlantic Cable. Mr. Field's narrative has the thrilling interest of a romance; by **Cyrus W. Field.**
Unseen Causes of Disease; Three admirable articles by the Eminent English Physician, **Sir Morell Mackenzie.**
Boys and Girls at the World's Fair. What Young Americans may do as Exhibitors; by **Col. George R. Davis.**

Glimpses of Royalty.

Housekeeping at Windsor Castle; by **Lady Jeune.**
How Queen Victoria Travels; by **H. W. Lucy.**
The Story of Kensington Palace; by **The Marquis of Lorne.**
How I Met the Queen; by **Nugent Robinson.**

Railway Life.

The Safest Part of a Train; by **Col. H. G. Prout.**
Success in Railway Life; by **Supt. N. Y. Central, Theo. Voorhees.**
Asleep at his Post; by **former Supt. Mich. Southern, Charles Paine.**
Roundhouse Stories. Humorous and pathetic; by **An Old Brakeman.**

Short Stories and Adventures.

More than One Hundred capital Stories of Adventure, Pioneering, Hunting, Touring will be printed in this volume. Among them are:

The Flash-Light. **Old Thad's Strategem.** **His Day for the Flag.**
My Queer Passenger. **Very Singular Burglars.** **Capturing a Desperado.**
Molly Barry's Manitou. **The Tin Peddler's Baby.** **In the Burning Pineries.**
Shut Up in a Microbe Oven; **Blown Across Lake Superior.** **The Boys and the Wild-Cat.**
The Cruise of a Wagon-Camp. **A Young Doctor's Queer Patients.** **On a Cattle Steamer in a Storm.**

The Illustrations will be improved and increased in number. The Weekly Editorials on the leading Foreign and Domestic Topics will be marked by impartiality and clearness. Household Articles will be contributed by well-known writers. The Children's Page will be more attractive than ever. The Illustrated Weekly Supplements, adding nearly one-half to the size of the paper, will be continued.

"A Yard of Roses"

Free to January, 1892.

This Slip with \$1.75.

To any NEW SUBSCRIBER who will cut out and send us this slip with name and address and \$1.75, we will send THE COMPANION FREE to January, 1892, and for a Full Year from that date. This offer includes the THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS, and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. New Subscribers will also receive a copy of a beautiful colored picture, entitled "A YARD OF ROSES." Its production has cost TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. 32

Specimen Copies sent free on application. ADDRESS, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Send Check, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter at our risk.



All Shrunk Up

—the flannels that are washed without Pearline; besides, they're worn out by hard rubbing. Wash flannels with Pearline, and they will be softer, brighter and better. They will last twice as long; they will look like new while they last. Every package tells how it's done; do as it says, and it will be done well.

Danger

As one wash is sufficient to ruin flannels, great care should be exercised as to the use of the many imitations which are being offered by unscrupulous grocers or peddlers.

CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM — Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures Catarrh of the Throat.

A ROBBER OR THIEF? — Is not a standard scale, and equal to any made. For free book and price list, address: **Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y.**

RHEUMATISM CURED. — Three months' treatment with full directions by mail for \$1.00. L. A. B. or Sample Packets of medicine and particulars for **AGENT STAMM, JACKSON MANUFACTURING CO., Columbus, O.**

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRAPEFUL COMFORTING BREAKFAST. — "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

ILLINOIS CENTRAL ROUTE

CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS — **SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN** — Daily at 8.00 p. m. from Chicago, New and elegant equipment, built expressly for this service. Train highest thoroughness by gas. Tickets and further information of your local ticket agent, or by addressing **A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.**

HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. — We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address: **Dr. F. A. HALL, 112 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.**

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY — or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$500 per week. Apply to **Wm. H. H. Co., La Crosse, Wis. Box 554.** — **CHANCE THIS FATHER every time you write.**

DROPSY — CURED within 10 days. NO TAPPING, A NEW REMEDY. Trial Package sent at once. Full package sent on receipt of \$1 for postage. **CANCERS** and tumors treated; no knife used. **CHANCER'S CURE** also old sores. Address, **Dr. F. A. HALL, 112 N. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.**

PISOS CURE — Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use **Pisos's Cure** for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has no equal. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. **25c.**

PATENTS! PENSIONS — Send for Inventor's Guide and How to Obtain Patent. Send for list of **PENSION** and **RENTAL LAWS.** **FATHER O'PATENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.** — **GUARANTEE THIS FATHER every time you write.**

A. N. K.—E 1889. — **WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE** state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE ONE WHAT?

ONE OF THE NUMBER

Who are all day thronging our store, and receiving the best bargains ever offered in Winter Goods, Blankets, Comforts, Flannel, Robes, Heavy Boots, Rubber goods, etc. If you are not one, join the crowd, and we will guarantee to save your money.

STORMONT & CO

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Coming Events.

CEGARVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

Mrs. Laura Dainty, Dec 5.
Rev. A. A. Willetts, Dec 31.
Swedish Ladies, Concert, Jan 8.
Geo K Morris, D. D, Feb 18.

No preaching at the U. P Church tomorrow night.

Hand satchel lost between James McMillan's and Cedarville. Finder please return to this office.

Mrs. Nettie Harbinson, who has been visiting friends in Prospect Ohio, returned home this week.

Mr. Richardson, who we spoke of last week as having located here, decided to not remain, and left yesterday.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Harper are visiting their grand-parents here this week. Newt has a lucrative position in Aurora Illinois, and will move there soon.

Chili is 1,200 miles long by 120 miles broad, lying between the Andes and the Pacific ocean. It has a population of 2,000,000 people and a very much stronger navy than that of the United States.

The will of William Gibson, of Cincinnati, has been probated and among other gifts for charitable and religious purposes he leaves the Cedarville College \$25,000. This bequest will put new life in the movement to build a college here, and it is probable that definite action will be taken at the next meeting of the synod of the R. P. Church, which we understand meets here next year.

The Cedarville Library Association has decided to start a reading room in connection with the circulating library for the benefit of the public generally. The rooms will be open Wednesday afternoons and evenings and Saturday afternoons and evenings from 2 o'clock until 5 and from 6 o'clock until 8. The day's papers will always be found there on file and the board, which consists of Messrs. Gray and Wolford and Mrs. C. M. Crouse, will see to it that the standard periodicals and other choice reading matter will be had. Everybody will be invited to call and read such papers, books or periodicals as they see fit on those days, but only ticket holders will be allowed to take books away from the library without paying for the use of them. Under the new management all can feel assured the library and reading room will improve and prosper.

Rev. Sproul remains in Adams county next Sabbath.

Do you want to sell your farm? If so you can learn of a CASH buyer by calling at the Herald office.

The Pabst brewery company, are putting a \$30,000 brewery plant in Wichita, Kan., and yet Kansas is said to be a prohibition state.

Oscar Bradfute spent this week in Chicago. He went there to attend a couple of sales of fine cattle, but of course attended the Fat stock show.

Persons in this vicinity who expect to go to Jamestown December 8th, to hear Eli Perkins can secure reserved seats by calling at the Herald office any time next week.

Foster, who predicts the storm signals with such accuracy, resides in St. Joseph's, Mo. His forecasts are that we are to have a severe, long and cold winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jamison entertained a number of friends Thursday in honor of their daughters Mrs. Nash, of Monmouth, Ill., and Mrs. Loyd, who are visiting here.

Rev. Tufts will deliver the Thanksgiving address next Thursday at the union services. His theme will be "The blessings of To-day the legacy of the ages; or, the Achievements of Christianity in the Reformation of the World." Let every one hear him.

The "Centennial of Sabbath School work in Ohio" will be the theme of discourse at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. The union thanksgiving services will be held at that church at 10.30 a. m., of the Reformed Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and Methodist congregations, after which a grand dinner will be served at the hall, and oysters and ice-cream in the evening. Dinner only twenty-five cents.

Commissioner J. W. Pollock, in company with several other members of the Ohio State Fair board, went to Chicago to attend an Fat stock show. He also represents the interest of the Spanish Merino Sheep Breeders' association at a meeting held in that city on the 17th to adopt plans whereby the wool and sheep industries may get a proper place at the World's Fair in 1893. The committee meeting there this week represents the entire sheep and wool interests in the United States.

Trains East, 7.50 a. m. 4.26 p. m.
West 4.16 10.14 a. m. and 5.10 p. m.

A Stray.

Strayed upon the premises of the undersigned about two weeks ago, a black sow weighing about 125 pounds. Some white spots. Owner can have property by calling on me and paying costs.
A. O. Bridgman.

Coal Vases at

Crouse & Bull's.

The Epworth League will hold a "Franklin Social" at the home of Miss Hester Shroades next Tuesday night. All the young people of the church are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Ervin entertained a number of friends at tea Thursday evening in honor of Rev. T. H. McKenzie and wife of New York.

Land owners complain that hunters will persist on going on their farms to hunt even after it is posted, claiming that they never saw the notice and at the request of those who considered themselves aggrieved we have looked up the law on the subject and find that section 6966 of revised statutes, as amended last winter, provides that whoever hunts on any land without first having received verbal or written permission from the owner or his agent, or from the person having control of the lands, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall, for the first offense, be fined not less than five and not more than fifteen dollars, and shall stand committed until the fine and costs are paid. Any person committing within one year a second offense under this section shall be fined not less than fifteen and not more than thirty dollars, and shall stand committed until the fine and costs are paid.

The legislature last winter added an important new section to the law on this subject. It provides that justices of the peace, mayors and police judges shall have final jurisdiction in all these cases.

The following is a tribute of respect by the C. E. S. of the R. P. Church of Cedarville O. on the death of Miss Nettie Little who died Nov. 4th, 1891.

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from us one of the first and most faithful members of our society, and a zealous church worker,

Resolved 1. That in the death of this sister we bow in humble submission to his will, praying for earnest zeal, that when He calls we may readily respond.

2. That we cherish the memory of the departed who was endeared to many for her social qualities who so willingly did all she could for the labor of the society, or any cause she thought worthy. Her quite manner and her unusual earnestness in waiting on the service of Gods worship, manifested true Christian spirit.

3. That we as a society extend our sympathy to the bereaved relatives and earnestly commend them to God who only can comfort us in our trials and afflictions, for He has said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

LULU MORTON.
ROSA STORMONT.
JENNIE BRATTON. } Com.,

Oysters, at Bull's.
Sweet and Sour Pickles at Bull's.
Just received a N. Y., Cream Cheese at Bull's.

For your Thanksgiving dinner you can buy Sweet Potatoes, Oysters, Cranberries, Celery, Pickles, Oranges and Bananas at Bull's.
The only place in town to buy C. P. Wright's Cigars is at Bull's.
Oysters, Celery and Cranberries for Thanksgiving at Bull's.

Great Reduction.

We Have More

BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING

AND OVERCOATS

Than we want, so in order to reduce our stock will sell at or

BELOW COST.

Remember we want your trade and will give you more for your money than ever before. A call is all we ask.

J. E. LOWRY.

Opera House Block.

Celery, at McCorkle's.
Cranberries, at McCorkle's.
Yellow Danver Onions, at McCorkle's.
Fresh Sorghum Molasses, at McCorkle's.
Oysters at McCorkle's.
Peas, Beans, Corn, succotash at McCorkle's.
New Mackerel at McCorkle's.
Buckwheat Flour, at McCorkle's.
Spanish Onions at McCorkle's.
Hunters' Supplies, at McCorkle's.
Shells loaded to order at McCorkle's.

LeCrone and Hughes specialty show has been here and gone. About fifty dollars was there receipts but who was there nobody knows as they would not give the "snap" away the next morning. It was a show where where the "bald heads" should have been conspicuous, but from reports they did not occupy the front row. The tumbler and one other member of the troupe who represented a darkey was good but the balance of the show was considered a suicide affair. Mr. LeCrone, whom we met is a very pleasant gentleman, but he wants to remodel his troupe if he expects to cover the same ground another season.

Why do you buy your coal of Andrew's? Because there I get the best Coal for the least money.

Oranges, Lemons and Bananas at Bird's.
Cash paid for Eggs at Bird's.
New Sorghum Molasses at Bird's.
Leave your orders for Thanksgiving Oysters and Celery at Bird's.
Hickory Nuts wanted at Bird's.
Hanging Lamps, Stand Lamps at Bird's.
New Raisin and Currants California Evaporated Peaches Cooking Figs at Bird's.
Choice Honey at Bird's.
Buckwheat Flour at Bird's.

Notice to Hunters.

The undersigned gives notice that no hunting will be allowed on the premises in Cedarville and Ross townships, Greene County, Ohio, under penalty of the law.

Rose Chambers. R. M. Cooper.
A. C. Kyle. H. A. Townsley.
C. E. Cooley. C. H. Rice.
A. M. Tomkinson. J. K. Wilson.
Mathew Wilcox. M. T. Wilson.
T. W. St. John. J. N. Townsley.
Nattie Whittington. Albert Hoppings.
J. D. Williamson. J. S. Williamson.
S. M. Alexander. J. H. Spencer.
John Jameson. Will Spencer.
John A. Barber. Conrad Gillaugh.
Daniel Deau. A. J. McElroy.
Turnbull Sisters. James A. Turner.

Will Harrison has removed to Xenia from Dayton. Will is worth a dozen average citizens to the town in which he lives and Xenia should be glad to have him back with them once more. He has however had business interests there even while he resided in Dayton.

If you know any news do not forget to hand it to the Herald scribe or drop a notice in the item box at the postoffice. If any item of interest is missed it will not be because we do not try to get it. We cannot see every body each week and so may miss several items, but a note dropped in the item box will be sure to reach us if put there in time.

WANTED—Ladies to know that I am keeping a nice line of trimmed Hats and Bonnets which I am selling at the very lowest prices.

JULIA CONDON.

Buy Shaker Soap, at Bull's.
Bananas, at Bull's.

ARE YOU A WOMAN

WHO HAS NOT SEEN A COPY OF ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, of Philadelphia? "The best and cheapest illustrated monthly ever published in the English language. 1,000 pages for \$1.50.

Six Short Stories and Splendid Articles by best writers on all subjects of interest to women. Three Months Free if you take it now. Sample copy 10 cts.

VOL. 12

THE

AN INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY

W. H. BLAIR

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